

A KINGDOM OF THE AIR
FULL OF SHADOWS

(poems)

- by B. Edwards

1.

WITH THE FIRST RAY OF LIGHT :

with the first ray of light
to reach these eyes
this morning
within its luminance
a voice entwined
turning the sunlight
into grey stone
cracks began to form
dust filled the air

knowing.....
that I must move forward
knowing.....
I must see this day
to its conclusion
there are bills to pay
knowing.....
I must take my place
in the world
knowing.....
this voice
will stay by my side
seeking to incite despair
from a kingdom of the air
full of shadows

the radiant sunlight
does not pierce this world
or this invisible mind
that goes along beside me
these shadows
stay hidden from brightness
yet they are there

these thinly veiled
shadowed regions

from where
invisible legions
of voices appear

an assault of repetition
what is spoken
is spoken again
and again

and again
and again
until it echoes
in the ears

a legion of voices is near

- 9/6/2018

2.

THIS IS HOW :

These voices
speak to me
but what
does it signify
what does it mean

how so many others
will tell me
how so many others
see themselves
endowed with such powers
to control
to keep away
these kingdoms
of the air

the kingdoms of the air
are always there
watching you
not the other way around

the voices
take full advantage
when they can
the voices exploit
the voices infiltrate

the voices
blow holes
in your embassy walls
at four in the morning

the voices will launch
diversionary attacks

so this is how
they strike
during times
of being hungover

so this is how they strike
when half of your senses

are on holiday stand down

this is how they strike
the process of dreams
within you

subtle networks
of audio
madness ideology
nihilism
of the astral deserts

vultures
circle above
over the desolate waste

September 6, 2018

3.

AUDIO SCARS :

These audio scars
never allowed to heal

what
a
thing
it
is
to
discover
these
unquiet
dimensions

nothing much spoken
but a massacre
of the truth

there is
little point to weep
there is little point
to show emotion

and it falls
on me tonight

it
falls
on
me
tonight

there is
little point
to weep

the voices
will remain
indifferent

there is little point
to weep

these voices
will remain
like ice within ice

like stone and ice
tied together
with barbed wire

these
voices
want
no
peace
only
thoughts
sounds
of
instability

yet theirs
is an illusion
made of dust and sand
easily scattered
to the winds

within their words
hollowness
emptiness
nothing
lies
deceit
empty air
that speaks

9/2018

4.

I TOLD YOU :

"I told you
not to respond
with poetry"

the spirit attachment
voice says to me

"you aggravate
the situation"
I hear

the same situation
that is a day to day
aggravation for me

but what does that
matter to them
they tell me
they are
"higher life forms"

and I'm just some guy
from New Jersey
working 6 days a week
who they don't want
writing poems
about them
about their superiority complex
about their tendency to
chatter all day about bullshit
about their tendency to be
(fill in the blank)

they would rather
I just shut up
and listen
to the lies
drink the Kool-Aid

feel hypnotized
feel intimidated
feel anxiety
feel out of place
feel alone
feel isolated
desolate
marooned
exiled from the life
I knew

they told me
not to respond
with poetry
but it's a bit late now

maybe
I'll listen to them
about that
next time
but the odds
are against it

9/2018

5.

VOICE ATTACKED :

The voices
waiting to ambush me
from the air vents
I have a sixth sense
about this kind of thing now

after so many
ambushes
after being
voice attacked
so many times

my ears
are now
like C.I.A. listening pods
deployed in....
Cambodian jungles

like an Arecibo dish
along a New Jersey road

like Soviet antenna
in the North Pole

are you sick
or are you tricked
are you a fool in the rain
is your name
on some scroll
read by
their demon eyes

do you sympathize
with more intensity now
I certainly do
like a bright

radio spectrum burst
beyond our solar system

9/2018

6.

HOW ABOUT IT?

How about it
friends and strangers
do you want to use
altered
modified
radio devices
to open dimensional portals?

but.....there are no
dimensional portals you say
well.....that may be
a pleasing or sad truth
but what do you say?
how about
we go ahead
and open our minds
to all of those
electrical vines anyway?

how about we play
at some medieval Russian Roulette?
the stakes could be
an audio death
of our sanity

9/2018

7.

AUDIO DICTATORSHIP

the voices
hit the bell tower
this morning
the voices made a sound
the bell did not

the bell
would not ring
for these oppressors
wearing
their invisible
fascist insignia

the voices
then storm-trooped
down Main Street
scrambling radios
reciting odes to Mussolini

the voices
stopped
at the local library
and burned it
to the ground

the voices
oppose knowledge
the free flow of ideas

they prefer
the shadowy decent
of audio dictatorship

they prefer rallies
of wretched mindlessness

they want
to hijack

our loudspeakers

they want to nullify
our declarations
of sovereignty

they want to drape
our streets
with dark
sinister flags

they want to infiltrate
our professional
establishments
and in many areas
they already have

they want to strafe us
with their voices nihilism

all of this
lies within
the hidden cracks
of our perception
of reality

9/2018

8.

INFERIOR BEHAVIOR :

I went outside
to catch a smoke
but caught
the inferior behavior
of the self-professed
"superior life forms"

voices speaking
into my ears
telling me all about
their superiority complex

but it was just nausea
nausea
from inferior behavior
nausea
from a wicked infestation
in the air

no reason
to try and be polite
about it

the enemy
would never bother

I went out
to catch a smoke
but instead
choked
on the inferior behavior
all around me

the voices that speak
like fascist brick walls

they just tried
to give me
the party line
but I just smoked

my cigarette
and stared
at a streetlight

9/2018

9.

SOME OF THEM :

Some
of them
like to sit
in their
chairs
and think
they are smart
think
they
know
about reality
think
they know
what it is
and think they
occupy
a very important
place in it
never imagining
the unimaginable
because
it would
knock them
out of
their chairs
and then
they wouldn't
think they were smart
they would think
that they were goldfish
thrown out of
the fishbowl

9/2018

10.

UNDER RADAR LEVEL

It's another
one in the morning
voices attack again
except.....
these voices
can do more
than simply
be voices

it's one in the morning
and they
are climbing the walls
of the mind

voices lashing
voices
with grappling hooks
voices telling you
about things
on the other side
but it's one in the morning
and you just want to sleep

the room becomes filled
with a kind
of astral
chaos

these voices becoming
deeply annoying again
speaking their fascism talk
once again
once again

tomorrow maybe
they'll go around
and burn some astral books

because that's what they do
that's what
these audio fascist do

they'll try and
parade you
into their coliseum
feed you to
their voice blaring lions

tomorrow
they'll seek
to annex
vast regions
of your mind

tomorrow
they will once again
hide from the rest of the world
and for the most part
they will succeed

they will fly
under radar level
and whisper
hemlock into your ears

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11.

A CONNECTION ?

Is there a connection
to EVP?

To the Spirit Box industry?

what do they have to say?

on what side
do their allegiances fall?

on what side
of the voices wall?

so much
that isn't told
on TV

this season
the industry
will evaluate
new marketing plans

gates will be opened
to the thrashing voices

imagine if you heard
what you hear
every day
of every year

advertising
must be carefully
advertised

who wants a box
that can make you wise
to the horror?

free samples
are perhaps
a possibility

welcome to the theater
of electric saw noise

please remember
to write
a favorable review

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12.

IT'S NOT FROM WITHIN ME :

It's not from within me
it can't be
from within me

no.....
these external
sentient beings
used to
open my door
bang on my walls
leave voicemails
on my voicemail

and 50,000
spoken words
dumped upon me
one afternoon

speaking
in Latin

blocking out the Sun
casting darkness
over this
New Jersey plateau
of concrete and steel

recorded them
as EVP first
that was
my mind's undoing

nothing to do now
but run the gauntlet
dodge the voices daggers

walk out
into a grey world

invisible
radio syringes
of distortion
float all around

drums
of toxic audio
roll around
on the roof

voiced words
jagged
deliver
their sting

yes.....
it is a time
of high madness

grievous rapture
and ethereal guillotines
wait to seize you
from within recordings

this is not
from within me

personal liberty
is trampled

psychic nukes
dropped on gardens
close by
you will get hit
with the shockwaves

EVPs that make
the very ground shake

so you chose to record
and wander drunk
through the Minotaur's
maze

poisoned whispers
we thought
couldn't reach
the world

and this is how it is
graffiti
of the fallen angelic
on the walls

they have secret files
of all your thoughts

they'll recite
what you're thinking
back to you

they have
subliminal
film projectors
of torment

they will
turn your nights
into minefields
of audio annihilation

the silence riddled
with spectral words
of ash

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END

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